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# the Lone Ranger



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# the Lone Ranger

## THE FIERY BARRICADE

-FOOT SOUTH OF THE BORDER, AS  
A MEXICAN ARMY PATROL PREPARES  
TO CROSS THE RIVER. ---



BANG!

THEY HAVE GUNS, AMIGOS, AND GUNS MEAN POWER! TAKE THEIR

MADRE AMADA IT IS CARLOS COSTE!

854 H



DO NOT LET THAT DEMONIC  
ARMED OFFICER TAKE OUR  
LITTLE BOY!



I DID NOT SERVE FIVE YEARS AS AN OFFICER WITHOUT LEARNING HOW TO MOUNT A SURPRISE ATTACK!



MATERIALS

MINUTES LATER—  
SIXTY NOW WE HAVE ARMS FOR  
MORE FOLLOWERS! IF I HAD  
ONLY ~~GOALS~~ TO OFFER, TOO, I  
COULD RAISE SUCH AN ARMY THAT  
I WOULD SWEEP ALL BEFORE  
ME! I SHALL NOT REST UNTIL  
I AM IN THE ~~ARMED~~ SECRET  
MASTER OF MEAICO!



卷之三

GYANTRAE TONED  
--- COULD SHE  
SILVER?

BAMON

卷之三

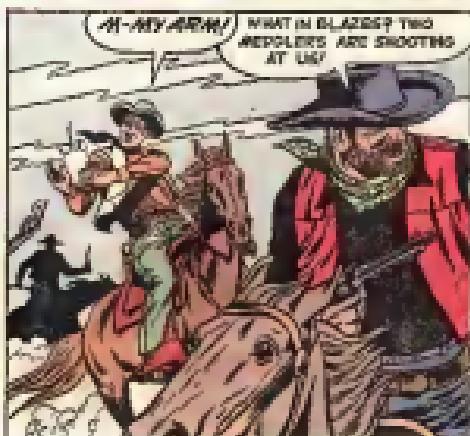
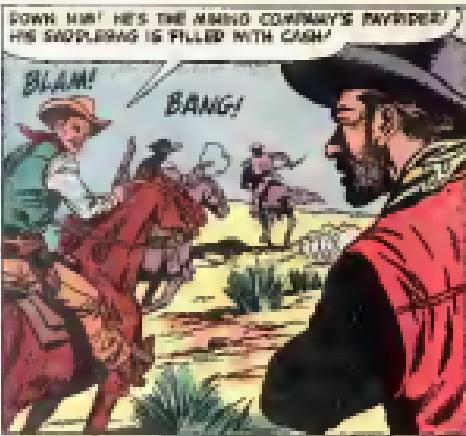


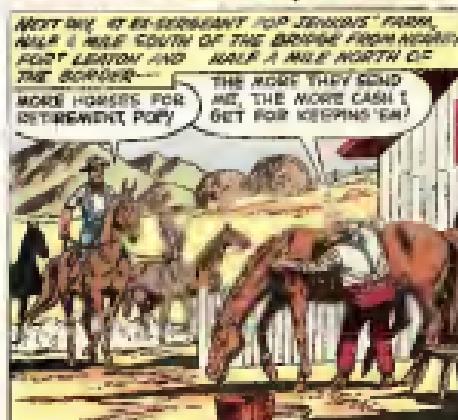
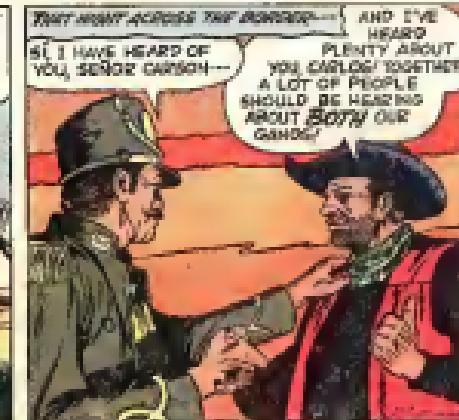
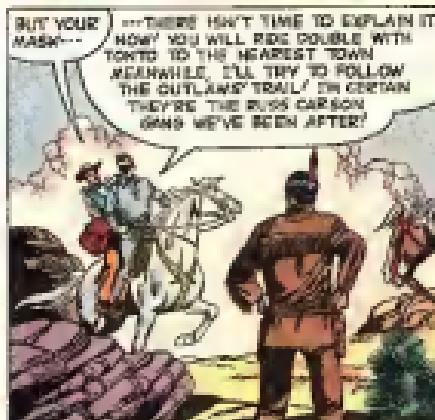
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CHAMBERS ON A POSITION should consider the needs of all others at the meeting from a data-flow perspective.

10. *What is the primary purpose of the following statement?*

# DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS A MACBUDDHA SCAN





**AT POST LEONON—**

MAJOR, THE WAGON CARRYING THE GOLD SHIPMENT DESTINED FOR THE AMERICAN GOVERNMENT HAS ARRIVED!

GOOD LIEUTENANT! IT WILL SOON BE OFF OUR HANDS!

**MEANWHILE, IN CARLOS' CAMP—**

SEÑOR RUS, MY SPY IN THE MEXICAN ARMY HEADQUARTERS BY THE BORDER HAS NEVER BEEN WRONG!

EVEN IF HE'S RIGHT ABOUT THAT GOLD SHIPMENT COMING IN TODAY, HOW WILL YOU GET IT? TROOPERS WILL BE GUARDING IT ON BOTH SIDES OF THE BORDER!



I LEAVE MY MEN HERE! I RIDE WITH YOU AND YOUR HOMESTEAD, ARTHUR! WE STOP THE STAGE BEFORE THE EMBASSY REACHES POST LEONON! THEN THE STAGE PROCEEDS, WITH ME AS THE EMBASSY, AND THE NECESSARY RELEASE PAPERS FOR THE GOLD IN MY HANDS!



**EARLIER—**

LONE RANGER! HOW ARE YOU? AND YOU, TONTO? I haven't seen you since I retired!

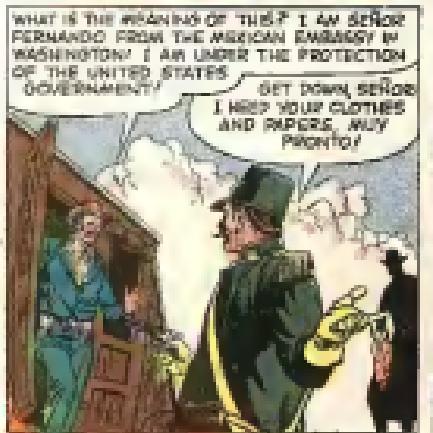
HELLO, SERGEANT! HOW IS YOUR FARM GOING?

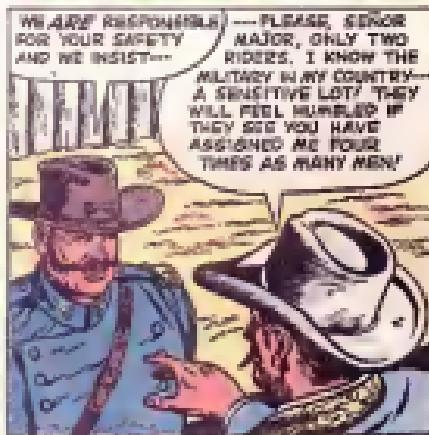


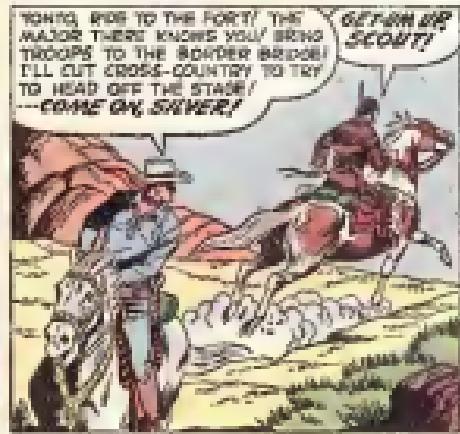
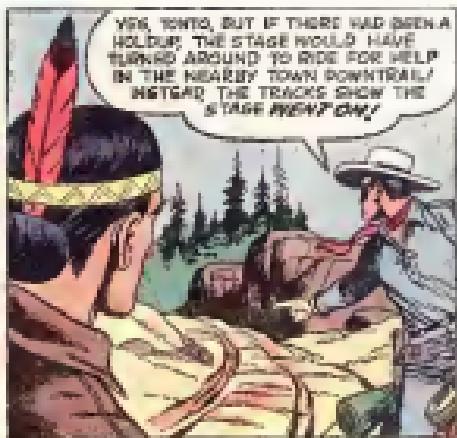
THEY CALL IT A REST FARM, BUT I NEVER WORKED SO HARD IN MY LIFE!

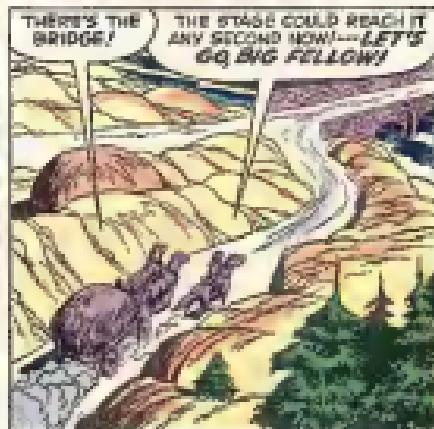
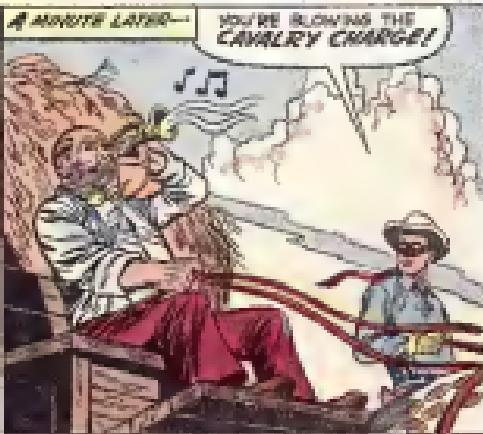
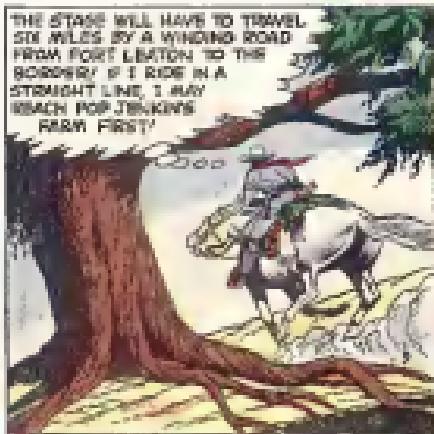
YOU'VE A LOT TO SHOW FOR IT! THOSE HORSES ARE IN FINE CONDITION!—TONTO AND I WILL DROP BY AGAIN! WE'RE MAKING A WIDE CIRCLE TO TRY TO KICK UP DUSS CARMON'S GANG'S TRAIL—COME ON, SILVER!

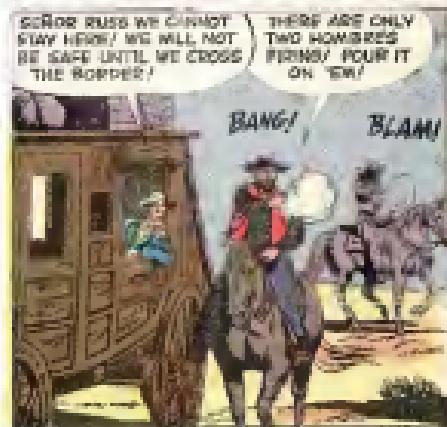
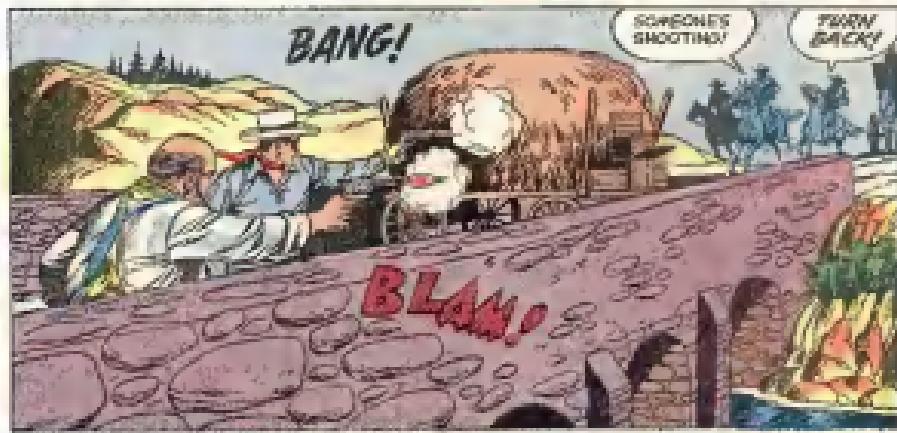












AS THE OUTLAWS' GUNFIRE FORCES THE LONG HAWK AND POP JONES TO KEEP DOWN, THE LONG RANGER SNEAKED AWAY BY THE HATCH, DUCKED OUT ACROSS THE BRIDGE...

EVEN IF THEY MANAGED TO REACH THE HAY WAGON NOW, THEY'LL NOT BE ABLE TO MOVE IT ONCE IT'S ON FIRE!



RIDGE! JACKY, WE CAN'T DO A THING TILL THOSE FLAMES DIE DOWN!

ACROSS THE RIO GRANDE...



THE STAGE IS STOPPED BY A FIERY BARRICADE, ANGUS!

CARLOS WILL NEED GENE'S HELP IF HE IS TO SWIM THE GOLD HERE! TAKE THE SECRET CROSSING OVER THE RIVER, THEN RIDE FOR THE SMOKE!

GENE!



SOON...

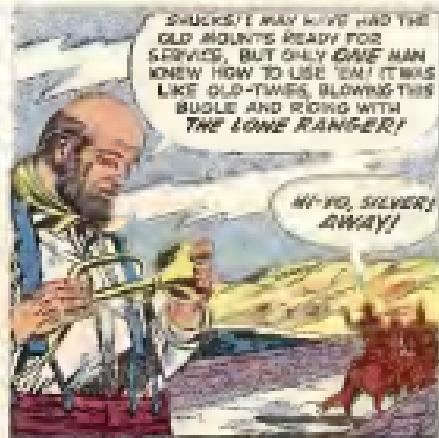
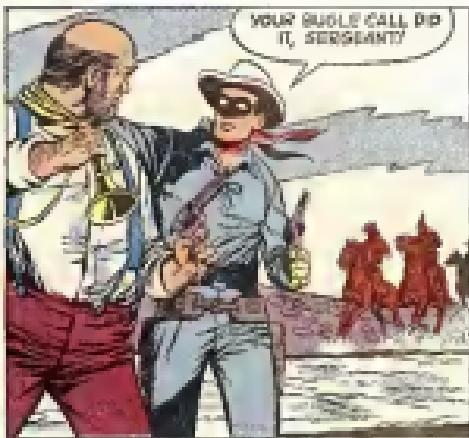
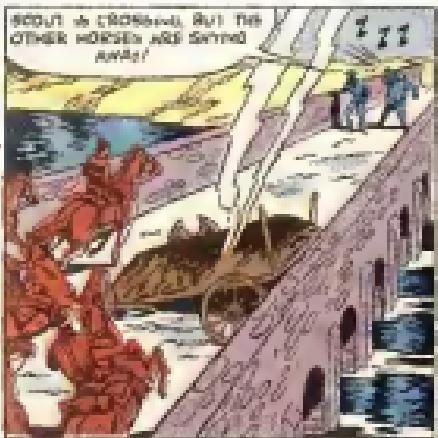
JEWELS

...SOMEBODY IS COMING FROM BEHIND US!

DING!







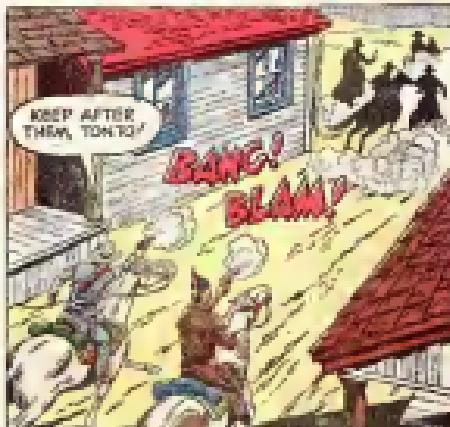
# the Lone Ranger

## THE TELLTALE BULLET

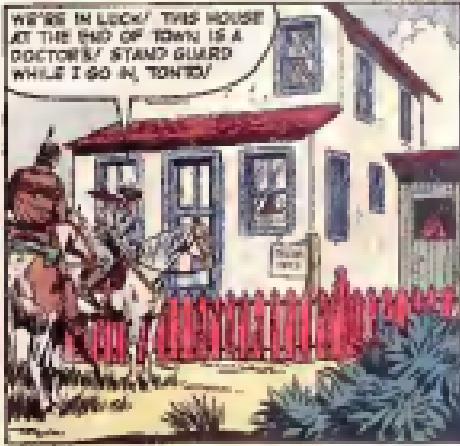
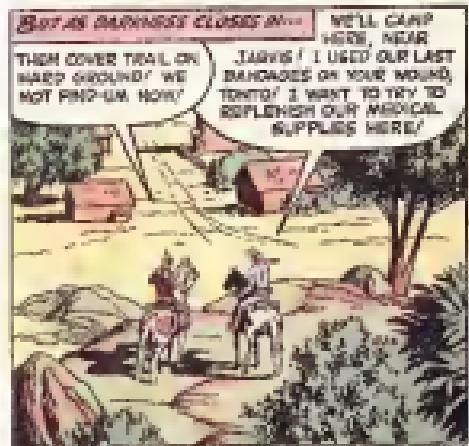
THEY STOP HERE, XENO-SABAN  
— THEN THREE MEN FROM  
OPPOSITE DIRECTION MEET-UP!

AND THEN ALL FIVE  
MORONIEND HEADED  
FOR BARTONVILLE,  
TOKTO!

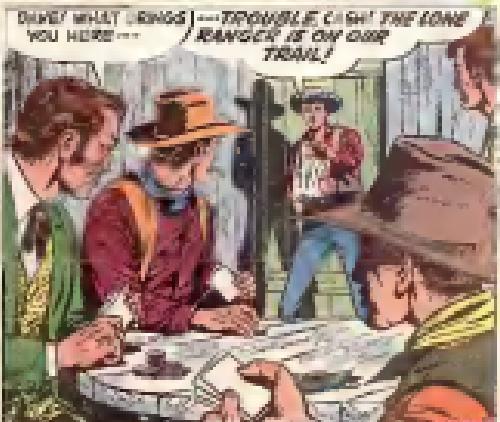
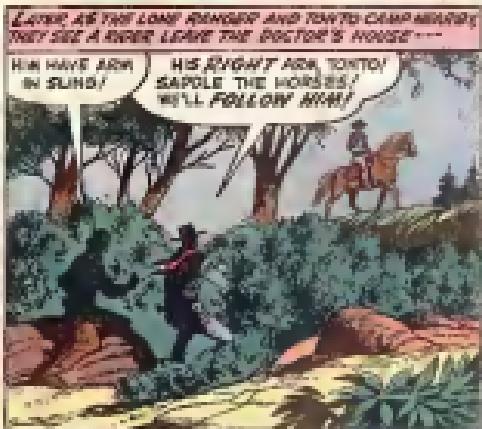
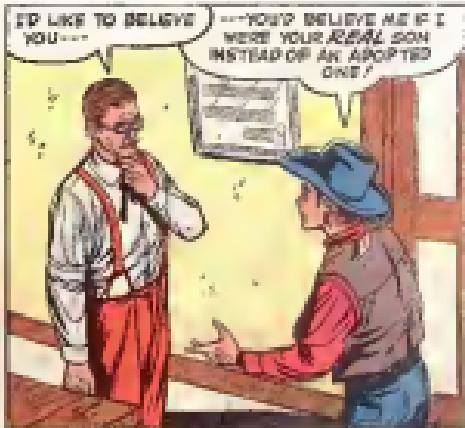
WHEN THE BANK ROBBERY CALM DOWN  
AND BARTONVILLE FINISH THEIR PRISON  
SIXTY-SIXERS, THE LONE RANGER IS SO  
CERTAIN TRUSTED INNKEEPER TONTO LARSON  
OF CRIME THAT HE AND PINTO JACK  
UP THEIR TACKS...











GRANCY DAVID TELLS WHAT HE OVERHEARD---

BOYS, WE'VE GOT TO KILL THE  
LONG RANGER, AND DAVID'S  
GOING TO HELP!

AND I'M NOT GETTING  
Mixed UP IN ANY  
MURDER!



YOU THREW IN WITH  
US WHEN YOU HELPED  
ON THE BANK JOB---

--THAT WAS ONLY TO  
HELP PAY OFF THE  
LOU. NOTES I RAN  
UP AT YOUR GAMBLING  
CASINO, GARNERS! NOW  
I'M EVEN WITH YOU  
TWO BROTHERS!



YOU'RE GOING TO HELP GET RID OF THE LONG  
RANGER TOMORROW. SEND THE DOG MEN OFF  
ON A FAKE CALL. THEN PUT THE SIGN IN  
THE WINDOW UPSIDE DOWN. WHEN THE  
LONG RANGER COMES IN... I'LL BE  
THERE TO SHOOT HIM!

I CAN'T DO  
IT! I'LL GET  
THE BLAME!

STICK TO YOUR STORY! HE WAS  
ONE OF THE BANK ROBBERS! HE  
CAME TO KILL YOU SO YOU  
COULDN'T IDENTIFY HIM!  
YOU SHOT IN SELF-DEFENSE!

M-MY AUGH--  
LET GO!

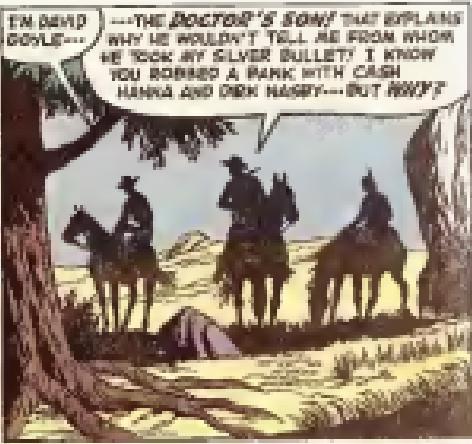


YOU GOING  
TO DO IT? X-YES--  
DON'T TOUCH  
MY DOG--



YOU'RE COVERED!  
RUN AWAY!





DRIVEN BY LONG HANDBARS'S QUESTIONING, DAVID DOYLE BUCKLED DOWN AND CONFESSED ALL. . . .

OH, I WISH TO HEAVEN I'D NEVER DABLOD AND GOTTEN MYSELF UP IN ALL THIS NOW. I'M IN DEEPER THAN EVER. THEY'LL KILL ME UNLESS I HELP BURPER YOUNG!

YOU'VE BEEN WEAK, DAVID--- BUT YOU MIGHT STILL BE ABLE TO FREEER YOURSELF!



I'LL DO ANYTHING YOU SAY! IS YOUR FATHER'S STABLE CONNECTED TO THE HOUSE?

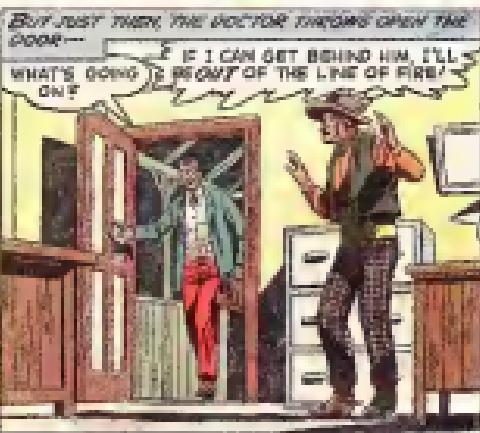
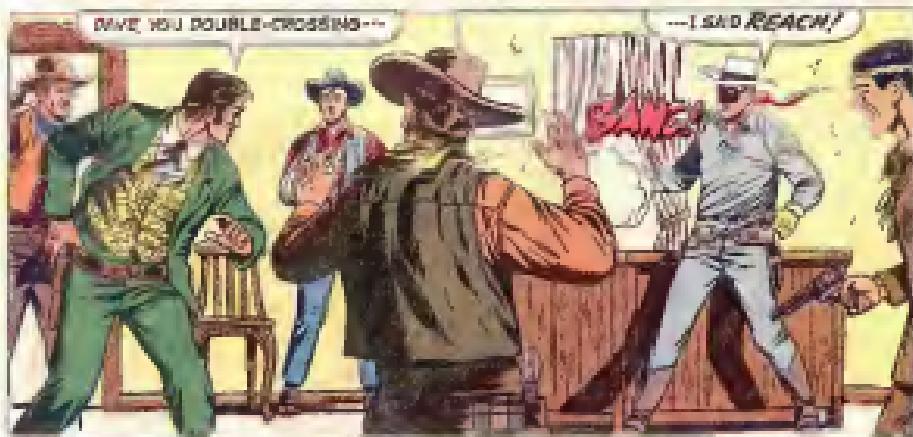


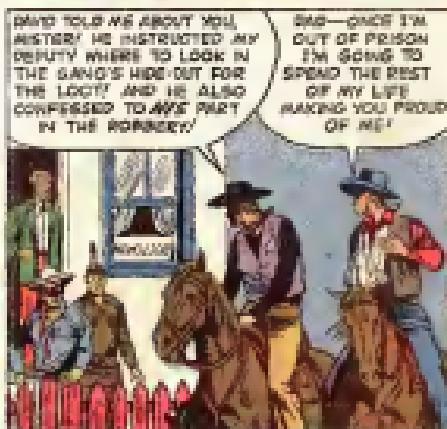
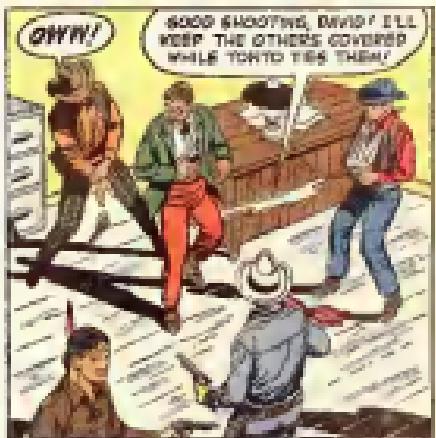
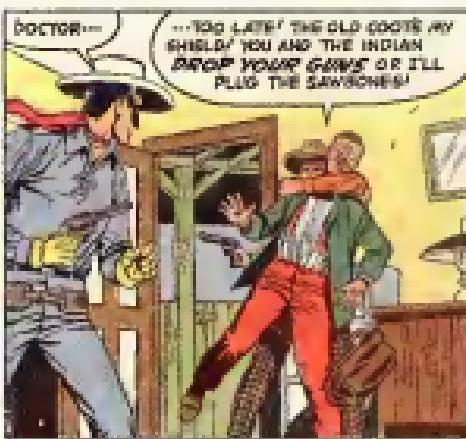
THEN TONTO AND I WILL HIDE IN THE STABLE TONIGHT AND STAY THERE ALL DAY TOMORROW. WE'LL RIDE HOME WITH YOU NOW AND TOMORROW DO JUST AN CASH ORDERED!

THE NEXT DAY, AS DAVID DOYLE SENDS THE DOCTOR OFF ON A FALSE CALL TO JESSE MURKIN'S DUSTY RANCH . . .

DADDY GONE! I'LL JUST TUCK THIS GUN AWAY FOR SAFE KEEPING AND LET THE MASKED MAN AND TONTO INTO THE OFFICE! BUT THEY'RE TAKING AN ANCUL CHANCE---THE ODDS AGAINST THEM WILL BE TWO-TO-ONE!







# SHOWDOWN VALLEY



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• WESTERN PUBLISHING & LYONS CO.

Young Larry Moran was on the porch of the Bar-M ranch house with his mother when Pawnee Sam, the Bar-M hired man, returned from town. The old Indian dismounted slowly and handed over a sheaf of letters and a mail order catalog.

"Slocum in town yesterday. Talk much. He say he tired waiting for court to give him Buffalo Valley," Sam said morosely. "Today he drive cattle over line."

Larry turned to his mother. She leaned against the porch rail, her face suddenly fixed and drawn, and he knew her thoughts were his own. It was three years since Jed Slocum first claimed Buffalo Valley—the bowl of land that was the heart of the Bar-M ranch. The grasping, land-hungry Slocum had found a shrewd lawyer, who, in turn, had found a vague clause in the deed to the Bar-M lands. Twice, Slocum had driven his herds down the gap toward Buffalo Valley—only to run up against Horve's father, Horve Moran. But, each time, Horve had met the invader at the barbed wire fence that guarded the valley. The glowering menace of Horve's shotgun was enough to convince Jed Slocum and his gun hands to turn back. Then, Jed had run yelping to the law—only to be beaten in the Courts. He had reappeared but the final decision had not yet been handed down.

Now, Slocum didn't have to wait for the Courts. Horve Moran had died two months before and there was no one to guard Buffalo Valley. No one but Horve's son, Larry, a gangling boy of nineteen, who'd never dare

face a showdown with Slocum and his hired gunslugs.

Now, on the porch of the Bar-M, Larry Moran wiped the nervous sweat from his face and moved toward the door to the house. His mother's eyes pleaded with him. He looked away and walked past her. Inside the house, Larry took the shotgun off the pegs on the wall. His hands were trembling as he threw two shells into the breech. His hands were still trembling when his mother met him at the door.

"Larry, wait! Let the courts decide!" she pleaded.

"Slocum isn't waiting, Ma." He tried to sound hard and determined but his voice cracked boyishly.

Looking at her son, Judy Moran had to fight back the tears. She loved the boy for his gentleness and thoughtfulness, yet, at that moment, she wished he had some of the rock-ribbed toughness of his father.

But now, Larry's hand was on her shoulder. He was leaning over and kissing her, and Judy Moran knew there was only one path the boy could take. Out in the country, a man had to be ready to fight for his land or wind up a saddle tramp—herding another man's cattle.

It wasn't until they reached the long green slopes of Buffalo Valley that Larry turned to the old Indian.

"Pawnee, you stay here." The boy had meant to sound nonchalant, but the words came in a croaking gasp.

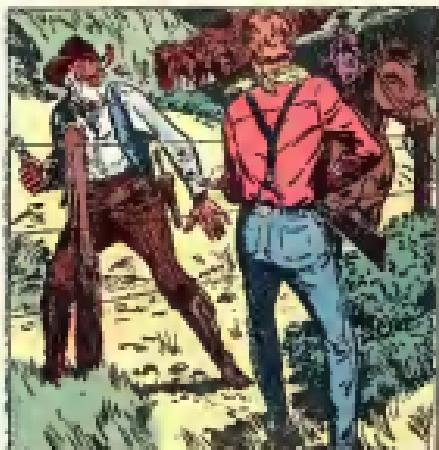
Pawnee Sam's eyes were motionless black beads. "No, I come along. Slocum have maybe three, four men. You need help, boy."

Larry shook his head in a boyishly stubborn gesture. "No, you stay here. Mom will need you if—if anything happens."

The Indian looked down at his rifle and remembered the boy's father. The old bear's hands wouldn't be shaking like that. Still, wasn't it always so back in the old days when a young warrior went on his first war party? There would be fear, but there would be pride, too. The measure of a man depended on which of these was greater. As Pawnee Sam watched the boy ride up the valley alone, he prayed to the Great Spirit to give the boy strength.

\* \* \* \*

Jed Slocum watched his riders herd the bowing shorthorns down the draw that led to Buffalo Valley. With a sneer, he spurred his horse out in front. He wanted to be first at that wire fence. This time there was only a scared kid walling beyond the barbed wire. Slocum spurred his horse to a gallop. At the fence, he reined in sharply and dismounted. With the wire cutters in his hand, he advanced toward the fence. If he saw the tall, gangling boy on the other side of the line, he made no sign.



"I wouldn't do that if I were you, Mr. Slocum." Against the rumble of the advancing herd, Larry's voice sounded high-pitched and nervous. Slocum looked up as if he just noticed the boy.

"Hi, Larry. Pretty far from home, aren't you?" He examined the fence with a special interest, his voice low and pleasant as the clippers reached for the wire.

"Please, Mister Slocum, I'm not looking for trouble." Larry was almost pleading now and Jed grinned to himself. The kid was yellow clear through.

Jed hitched up his gun belt. "Look, son, if you're real smart, you'll put that shotgun down and head for home. We'll keep it between us. No one will ever know you backed down." Then he reached for the first wire strand with the clippers.

"Slocum, this shotgun has two barrels. Cut that wire and they're both yours. Dead center."

Slocum looked up sharply. Something had happened to the kid's voice. These were the cold, deadly accents of a man ready for anything.

Jed backed away, his sweating palms feeling for his gun belt, but the boy's eyes didn't shift. Only the shotgun in his hand moved. Slocum knew what a shotgun could do at twenty feet and he had no stomach for it. With a sneer of defiance, he swaggered toward his horse and mounted.

He spurred toward his herd under the cold eyes of his hired killers. Slocum must have felt their contempt because he jerked his horse around and shook his fist in the air.

"I'll be back, Moran! I'll be back," he shouted hoarsely.

"And I'll be waiting," answered Larry.

At the far end of Buffalo Valley, Pawnee Sam watched Larry Moran cantering down the trail toward him. And watching, it seemed to the old Indian that in that last hour the boy had somehow grown taller, stronger. And as Larry waved his hand in a triumphant salute, old Sam knew that Horace Moran had left a worthy son behind him.

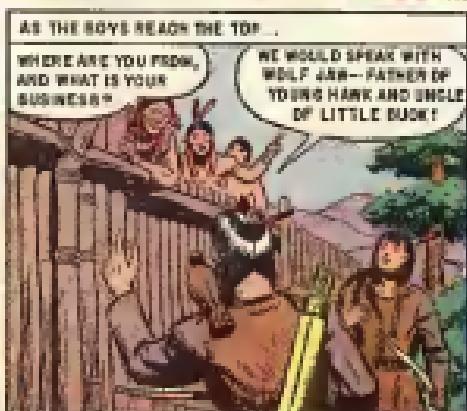
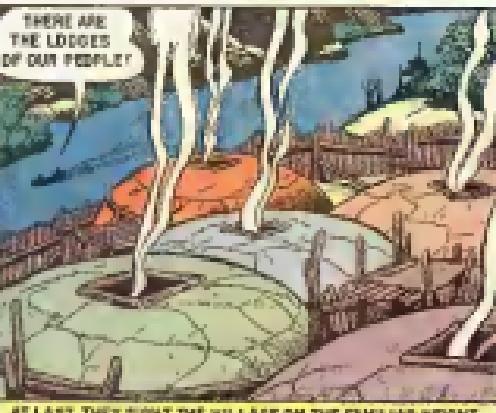
# YOUNG HAWK

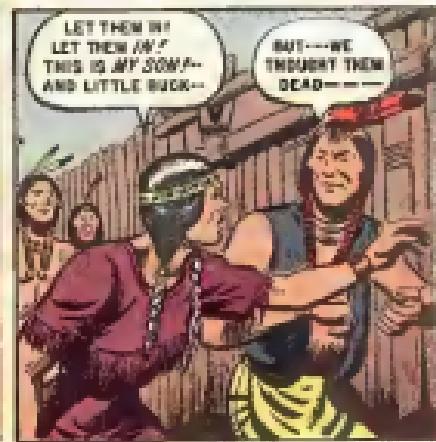
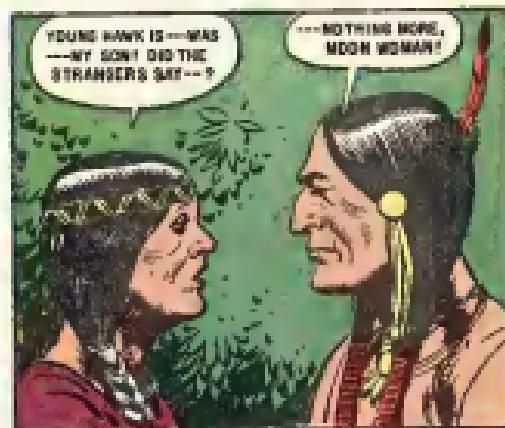
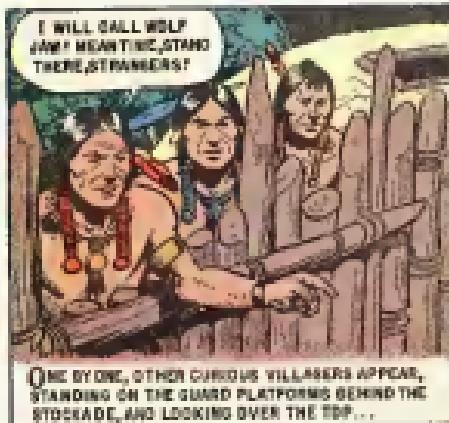
YOUNG HAWK! THERE'S THE TWO HUMPED BLUFF!

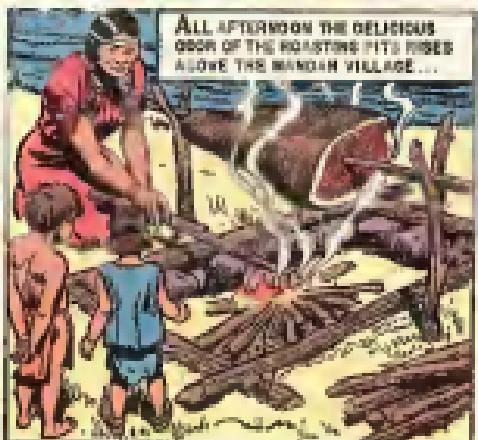
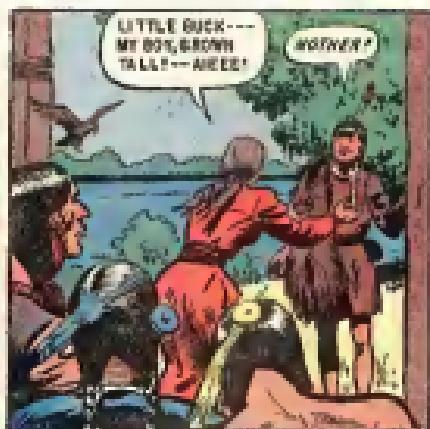
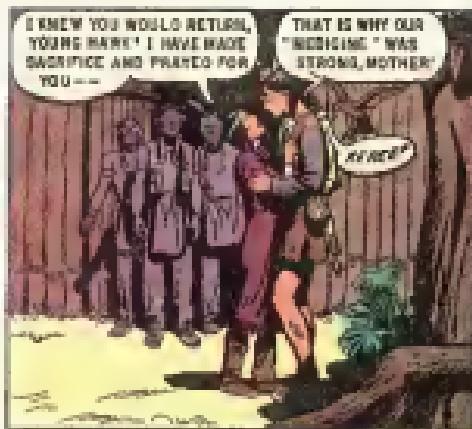
YES, LITTLE BUCK! WE ARE HEADING HOME!

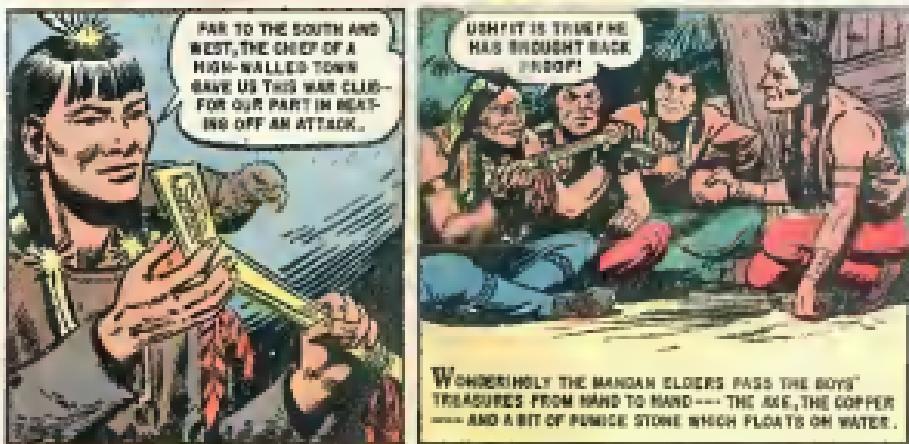
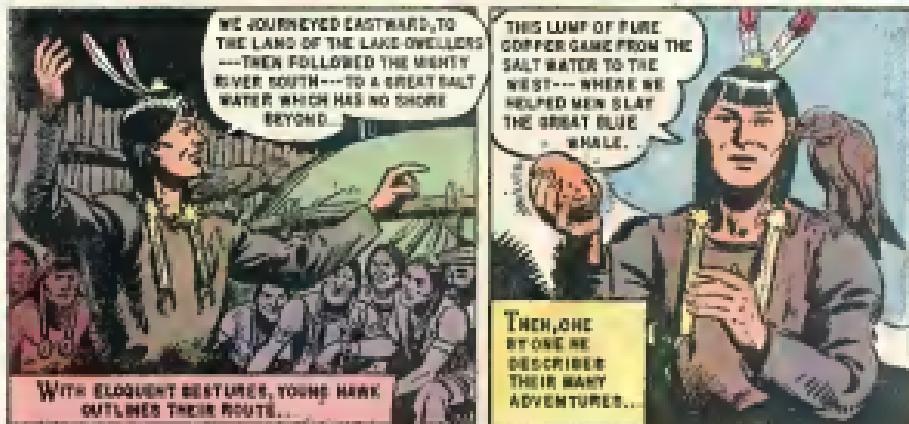
AFTER MANY MONTHS OF WANDERING, YOUNG HAWK AND LITTLE BUCK BURN TO SPOT FAMILIAR LANDMARKS...

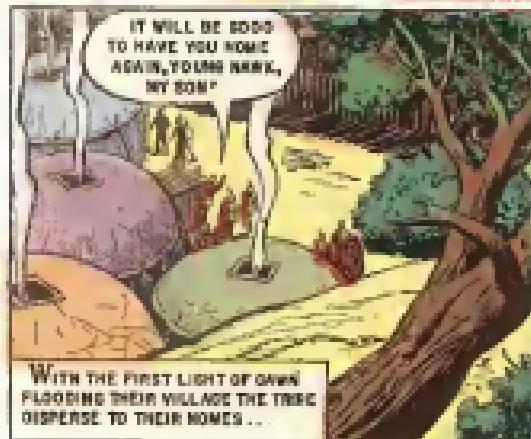
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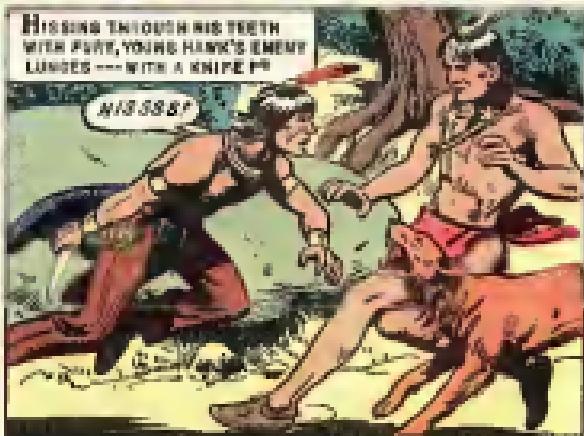
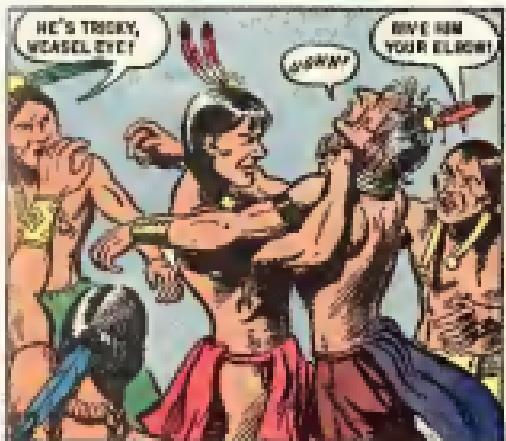


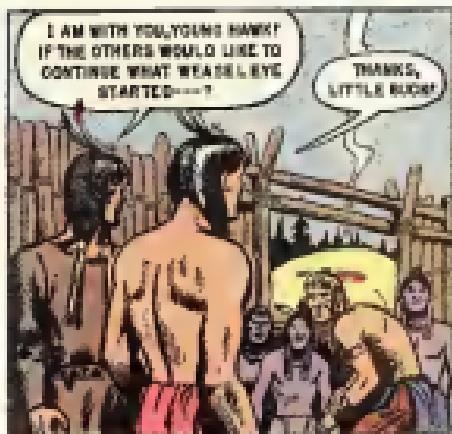






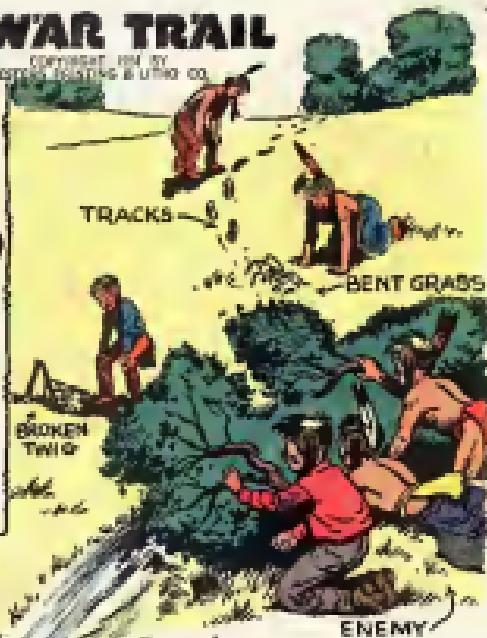






## INDIAN WAR TRAIL

DEPARTMENT OF STATE  
W. A. L. 1900



The players divide into two equal groups and take turns at being "trackers" and "enemies." The enemies take a head start and leave a trail by bending twigs, breaking trees, uprooting weeds, leaving footprints in mud or soft earth, etc. It is the task of the trackers to find the trail and keep records of all clues each uncovers. The tracker who uncovers the most clues and discovers the enemies' hiding place, is the winner, and collects their scalp locks.

If another game is played, the losers' scalp locks are returned, and they must be trackers. But if the enemy outwits the trackers, they get to be enemies again in the next game.

You will not only have fun playing Indian War Trail, but in no time you will become an expert tracker.

Indian boys 'played the War Trail Game, not only for the fun of it, but to develop their keen sense of observation. If you want to try it, first make an Indian scalp lock which is worn around the head, as shown in Fig. A. Cut a round piece of leather or cardboad about four inches in diameter. Long strands of horsehair, yarn, or string are then threaded through two holes placed near the center of this piece, and then a cloth or leather loop is attached for tying the scalp lock around the head. (See Fig. A.)

STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 22, 1922,  
AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 1, 1924, AND JULY  
3, 1925. (Title 25, United States Code, Section 202, Subsections  
1 and 2, COMMERCIAL PAPER ACT, and Regulation C of  
the New York Stock Exchange, published monthly in New York, N. Y., on  
October 1, 1925.)

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and literary manager are: Publishing Director, G. D. Lippincott & Co., 351 Fifth Avenue, New York, 10, N. Y.; Sales: Helene Meyer, 351 Fifth Avenue, New York, 10, N. Y.; Managing editor, Louis B. Hartman; managing editor, Louis B. Hartman.

Urban Books, 201 Fifth Avenue, New York 10016, N. Y.  
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New York 20, N. Y., George T. Briggs, Jr., 201 Fifth Avenue, New  
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9. Paragraphs 1 and 2 indicate, in plain terms the bondholders or trustee banks appear upon the books of the company as trustee or as may relate thereto, without the name of the person or organization for whom such trustee is acting, that the shareholders in the two paragraphs above the column in Part I, hold bonds and held as to the corporations and conditions under which such bondholders and unnamed holders, who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, held such and secured by a capitalization of \_\_\_\_\_.

Be it known to all here by that I, the undersigned, do hereby declare that the above and foregoing is true and correct to the best of my knowledge and belief.  
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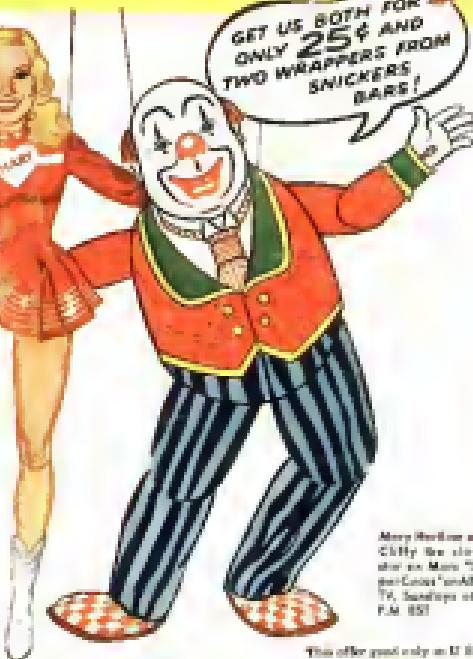
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